

Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Shreveport, La., has a certain if not commendable way of reducing its negro population.

Bread and salt are all that the starving Belgians are asking for. Surely their appeal will not be in vain.

One detail of the war news indicates that the Russian are exerting every effort to find the "crack" in Cracow.

Staging a drouth of record-breaking extent in the fall of the year is the latest meteorological stunt to be pulled off by Kansas, the cleverest climatic clown on earth.

Although the Austrian army has been annihilated time after time by the Russians, enough of it was on deck the other day to take Belgrade, their capital, away from the Servians.

Evidently the Federal League is far from being on its last financial legs when it can make a two-year contract with Walter Johnson that guarantees him a modest little stipend of \$20,000 a year.

It is also barely possible that Champ Clark won't have any better luck in selecting the Republican presidential nominee for 1916, than he had in framing the Democratic presidential slate in 1912.

No matter how severe the siege of Przemysl may be, it won't be likely to make any kind of a dent in the place's name. That would be too tough a nut for even the Busy Bertha of Germany to crack.

Where would the French parliament have held its coming session if the Germans had reached Paris according to their schedule? But probably there wouldn't have been any need for one in such an exigency.

And this great European war is also a Moloch with an insatiable appetite. England has just sent another force of 400,000 of the flower of her manhood to the death trenches in western theater of the terrible conflict.

Should the Germans continue their activities in the eastern theater of the war on the same scale under which they have been working, the Russian bear won't have an opportunity to do much hibernating this winter.

Approaching the sublime is the courage of the Chicago Tribune. It prints a list of the names of those who comprise Chicago's "400." Incidentally, the list discloses the fact that one young woman in this exclusive set answers to the perfectly lovely name of Gwethalyn.

Such extensive demands for improvements are to be made on the legislature by all of the state institutions, that no legislator's equipment for the session will be complete unless it includes a well-sharpened pruning knife, backed, of course, by a disposition to use it with discretion.

Every once in awhile, the United States census bureau announces some of the facts that were found in the census that was taken in 1910. And it's a possibility, of course, that the work of analyzing the last census will be completed before it is time to take the next one.

Any old kind of an excuse is deemed sufficient to bump the males of the species. A New Jersey woman wants her allowance of alimony increased because she has taken on so much weight since the severance of her marital ties that she finds it difficult to ply her trade of clerking in a store.

Heavy, cannonading, unless it be directed at fortresses, appears to accomplish little or nothing in modern warfare. For more than a month, daily reports from Flanders and northern France have told of a ceaseless activity along this line, but neither the Germans nor the Allies have made any material gains thereby.

A TOPEKA ANNIVERSARY.

Topeka is sixty years old today. At most there are only two or three gray hairs in her head, and these cannot be noticed. Except for a severe flood or two, and an affliction of "boom days," Topeka's career has been as happy in the main as it has been progressive. She has had her ups and downs, her days of trials and tribulations. But the ups have predominated and the downs have left no scars. And today she begins another year and decade of her life in the full vigor of a maturity that contemplates no such thing to come as an old age of decrepitude. Indeed, it might be more appropriate to liken Topeka to a being in the bloom of youth, such is her strength, such are her prospects for a fuller and larger development along all righteous lines.

This is not the condition of every city that the hand of man has brought into being in this and other countries, and cities that are contemporaneous with Topeka in the matter of age. The maps show the locations of many of them that have spurred to the fore, that have attained a big growth like the mushroom, over night, but only to lose their virility almost as suddenly and to fall into a decay from which they cannot possibly extricate themselves. No, indeed! It isn't every city that continues to put vigorous with increasing age. The cities that fall by the wayside, or stand still, are as numerous, proportionately, as the humans who fail to achieve success.

And the secret of a city's energy that drives her on and over all obstacles is to be found in the spirit of her people. When the boom that was boosting Topeka to the skies burst in 1889, there was the usual wagging of pessimistic heads. Topeka was a corpse, they said. She might as well be prepared for burial. But the bulk of Topekaners were made of sterner stuff. The hardihood of the pioneers who founded the town was in them. They accepted their losses and went to work. They rebuilt the foundations of the city on firmer bases. It was the same kind of pluck and never-wear-die attitude that restored the whole northern section of the city after the disastrous flood of 1903. Topeka is alive and in unusually fine health today because her people have never been content to lie down on the job, regardless of the difficulties that have confronted them.

What of her future? It can only be forecasted by a consideration of her past and its accomplishments. They have made Topeka what she is today, a city that is as clean and beautiful as it is comfortable, an ideal home and business center, with educational advantages that are second to none; with religious opportunities for all. But the spirit that founded and fostered Topeka is still alive today. There is no willingness on the part of Topekaners to settle in the rut of contentment, to let well enough alone. At no time in the history of the city has there been a keener interest on the part of her people in her welfare and development than there is right now. And this can only mean that the Topeka of tomorrow will be bigger and better in every way than the Topeka of today.

If that New Yorker had eaten the mouse that was served to him in a beef stew without knowledge of so doing he would probably have been none the worse for the experience. But he happened to see it floating serenely around in the concoction and that was sufficient to damage him to the extent of \$10,000. Or he is asking a jury to award him that much damages against the restaurant keeper. It is readily understandable, though, that he did not have much of an appetite for meat immediately after the experience.

NEW MACHINERY OF WAR.

In this war, for the first time, the submarine has justified the hopes of its inventor, who died only a short time before war was declared, writes H. H. Windsor, in the December Popular Mechanics Magazine. Up to the present war the submarine had not positively scored a single victory. It had cost many lives, but they were of its own crews. If the average efficiency already achieved shall be carried out in the great fleets of submarines yet in reserve, the policy of navies may have to be revised. The aeroplane also has proved its value and necessity, and has already met expectations. At this writing the dirigibles have accomplished practically nothing. A few bombs have been dropped here and there, blowing up cathedrals, hospitals and private houses, and killing a few women and children, but with one exception having caused no particular damage to either navy or army. What opportunities the dark, foggy days of November and December will afford, may change conditions materially, but thus far the dirigible is more a threat than an execution. The big siege guns are really only enlargements and developments of artillery used for years.

The motor vehicle is something to credit with great performances and is used for the first time on a large scale. Every type of motor car seems to find a wide field of usefulness. The city motor bus for moving infantry rapidly, transfers small bodies of troops as far in an hour as they could march in a day, and delivers the men fresh for action. The armored car has given a good account of itself for scouting; the touring car for officer's work and dispatches; while for transporting supplies and for ambulance service, cars similar to those in general use have made good everywhere. For hauling heavy guns, the motor is vastly easier to manage than horses or mules. It is true this war is being waged in countries noted for their good roads, but the efficiency, capacity and rapidity of the motor vehicle of war has demonstrated abundantly

the tremendous advantage accruing to the army so equipped over one that is dependent wholly on animals for transportation.

Journal Entries

The milk of human kindness is too often sour.

Trying to be humorous usually attains mighty poor results.

Standing by in trouble is the only proof of true friendship.

A discontented human is among the most miserable of animals.

Many people hesitate and flounder along life's right-of-way because of lack of encouragement from others.

Jayhawker Jots

If the Moslems want to get into a holy war they will have to stay out of this one. Is a conclusion of the Lawrence Journal-World.

With that cheerful optimism for which it is so famous, the Clay Center Times exclaims: Only three more months of winter!

The school board is going to cut out grammar below the seventh grade, notes the Wichita Eagle, and it adds: Some of the kids beat time to this.

The theory that "possums do not grow to be heavier than ten or eleven pounds has been disproved by E. H. Huffman and Elmer Bogle, who live in the country near Pittsburg, reports the Coffeyville Journal. The other morning while walking through some timber on the Huffman farm they treed and captured a "possum" at weighed 22 1/2 pounds.

A gentleman stayed all night one night last week at the home of a friend on the east side, tells the Pratt Union, and while after he had left the next morning the lady of the house went in to put his room in order and stepped upon something lying upon the floor. She stooped and picked it up and at first glance was startled. It was the "false" teeth of the guest of the previous night.

As E. W. Hoch calls a spade a spade in the Marion Record: In perpetrating a "war tax" on the nation in a time of profound peace, to cover up a deficiency caused by its fiscal policies failing to produce enough revenue to run the country, the Wilson administration should be arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. That's just what it is.

Observations, by the Marysville Advocate-Democrat: Our favorite form of fiction is the mail-order catalogue. . . . Many a good fiddler has been spoiled by becoming a violin player. . . . The man who relies on chance usually finds that his chance to lose is excellent.

The race may not always be to the swift, but it is never won by the fellow who is too slow to make a start. . . . A continuance of mild winter weather probably means that the coal dealer will soon be appealing to us to "buy a ton."

Globe Sights

BY THE ATTORNEY GLOBE.

You can beat another man's game by not playing it.

If a farmer's watch is within an hour of the correct time he is pleased.

Some girls seem to believe that to be irresistible they must also be disgusting.

You can tell what kind of a housekeeper she is by the way she does up her hair.

There is nothing more dismal than the ticking of a clock in a store that does not advertise.

Probably the hardest question to answer this era is this: What really constitutes a luxury?

While you are being popular the chances are that someone else is steering your ship away from the mines. . . . "What has become of the old-fashioned heavy reader?" a man asked the Globe today. He probably is out in his automobile, and culture is slipping.

When a woman says another woman was "perfectly lovely" when they met down town that means that the other woman had not always been perfectly lovely.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

It's the sure things that demonstrate the uncertainties of life.

Money may be the root of all evil, but we all want to pick the blossoms.

Some girls are so thin-skinned you can't tell their beauty is only skin deep.

Tell a girl she has a swan-like neck and she will at once make a goose of herself.

The boy who sings "I want to be an angel" is either a young hypocrite or he's sick.

Some people talk incessantly merely to disguise the fact that they have nothing to say.

The fellow who marries a cooking school girl expects to get a good roast once in a while.

You never can tell. Many a man who is an adept at colting words couldn't get a job in the mint.

Hoax—"There's always an opening for a good man." Joak—"Huh! Who told you that?" Hoax—"A friend of mine who is a great digger."

Slobbe—"Most of the armies the members of the aviation corps are teetotalers." Slobbe—"I suppose a drop too much would be rather dangerous."

Wigg—"That fellow Saphedde is awfully effeminate." Wagg—"Oh, I don't know. I gave him my seat in a crowded car the other day, and he thanked me for it."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Sometimes money talks, sometimes it stops talk.

Explaining gets to be a chronic habit with some men.

Many a so-called political boom turns out to be a boomerang.

There are lots of good things in this world. Are we one of them?

Most people who congratulate you on your success do not mean it.

Some people can give advice, but not every man can prove its value.

The Almighty never recognizes a minister's worth by the salary he gets.

Let us take advantage of our opportunities lest we become an opportunity for others.

Imagination is responsible for half of our troubles—and our fool actions for the other half.

When a wise girl wants to marry she goes after a man who lives in a boarding house. Such a man will appreciate home cooking.

By the Way

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

The Atchison lady who kicked a rooster while he was in the act of scratching her eyes out, did not wear the kind of skirt that attracts attention in a crowded street car, is the verdict of the office Sherlock.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, Luncheon temperance advocate, says the best way to fight booze is with tea for a substitute. Sir Jim Crichton swap ideas on the subject with our police magistrate, who prescribed a Ben Davis apple for Muskogee Red.

It is said that the objection to the Jas. Crowl in Oklahoma failed in supreme court because the plaintiffs were too fulsome in their interpretations of the last three amendments to the constitution. A number of causes have been lost for the same reason, to wit: That when the average gink starts to write he spreads the subject matter of a paragraph all over three columns, and thereby loses sight of the point in issue.

The only visible difference discovered, after a perusal of Lunnon papers, between the papers printed in England and the same thing here, is that they spell it "rumour."

It is indeed a braah kid who will admit that he can see through the whiskers of S. Claus.

As we understand it, after reading complaints filed with the railroad commissioners, a merchant's idea of a fair and impartial freight rate is one that will bump the merchant in any rival town.

Up to a late hour this afternoon, no reporter has had the absolute gall to ask Mr. Stubbs what he thinks of the election day came and he felt his pen appropriate almost sure success he was standing about the polling booths with other villagers and the usual election day crowd.

"Rumour," as they say in Lunnon, hath it that a certain governor-elect has figured out a way to repay a two-year-old grudge against the state by appointing a certain lame duck to a certain state commission.

A certain young sport around town is known as the "game warden," because he always acts as lookout for the al fresco crap shoots.

Kind ladies of our village are making "layettes" to send to Belgian babies, which are open today. They are French for "lay-out," and means a full set of necessary garments.

Friend Willie Morgan's evasion of the senatorial caucus by not appearing at the caucus is the cleverest politician in the state. We hereby predict: that, eventually, he will be governor and United States senator. The man who has no women folks of his own and the few friends he had were not interested in the question.

"Who wants the club closed?" he asked them about a year ago.

"All of us, but—well, it's a rather delicate thing to have to do. And yet women can vote on these particular questions today—questions of appropriateness about the club."

"Why don't you go around and ask the women of your convictions?" asked Mr. Gay, seriously.

"Oh—you'd do it so much better and you don't know any of the mess," he said.

"Do go, Gay," urged another. And finally, without the least idea that he was doing what was right, but because he was coerced into going, Young Mr. Gay crossed the street and entered the little clubroom.

A charmingly appointed room lay before him. He could hear voices behind the large screen at the far end. Presently a well-dressed, handsome woman stepped out.

"Who is in charge here?" asked Mr. Gay.

The woman seemed to hesitate for an instant. Then she smiled delightfully and said, "I believe I am—since I'm the president of the club."

"Well—ah—that is, I believe you are violating the law by having these rolls of law books sitting on the shelves of the polls," Mr. Gay managed to stammer.

The smile faded from the face of the woman and the conversation behind the screen ceased. It was an awkward moment for Robert, who was sure we didn't know it," the woman began earnestly and without a particle of anger. "If that is the case—why, of course, we'll close it."

"She looked around her at the dainty tea tables, at the percolators steaming and emitting the fragrant whiffs of brewing coffee—"It is too bad we didn't know it before we made preparations. You see, we are open every day, and we are very busy. I have prepared extra things today because we thought a number of the men who were in the village to vote might want a cup of coffee and some of our homemade dainties. I—I'm so sorry, but of course if we're trying to do the right thing in the making of laws we mustn't begin by breaking them, must we?" She smiled again and returned Mr. Gay's smile in return.

"Perhaps that is if you will just remove your banner from the window. I can induce the men across the street who have made the protest to withdraw it. I'm very sorry, I—"

"Oh," said the woman graciously. "The world is so full of wrongs, I don't get myself into trouble over it."

Robert Gay assured her that he would not, and as he bowed himself out he had a feeling of regret at leaving.

When he returned to the little group of men, a lawyer had joined them and he had been explaining, during the absence of Mr. Gay, that no law could close those clubrooms; that they were not recognized by the state as a political organization.

"I really should apologize," Robert Gay said when he had heard the decision.

"Oh, never mind, Gay. It won't hurt them. My fellow clerk said."

But on the following afternoon at 4:30 Robert Gay entered the little room and was disappointed not to find the president of the club there.

The little maid said that she expected Miss Tracy at any moment and offered Mr. Gay a cup of tea.

Mr. Gay did not like tea, but he ordered a small pot of it, together with some macaroni, and he never was known to eat between meals.

In time he was rewarded by a sight of Miss Tracy entering the little clubroom. He arose and went toward her. "Miss Tracy, I have come to apologize for my interference of yesterday."

Miss Tracy waved away his trouble. "Don't—I beg of you. You were so nice, and we had a splendid day. The little maid said that you had no ill will by joining me in a cup of your

THE AGNOSTIC.
I do not know if there be God or De'il—I do not know if death brings woe or bliss—I only know that life to me is real—if you but smile.

The Evening Story

Young Mr. Gay.
(By Dorothy Blackmore.)

Robert Gay was anything but jovial and for this reason his name was a source of amusement to his friends, especially to his fellow clerks in the village bank. "Young Mr. Gay" they called him, and as he was the least young and the least gay of them all there was hardly a day on which some sort of fun was not made of him.

But Mr. Gay was not ill-natured; on the contrary, he was patient and never became angry with the constant jests. And yet he often wondered why he should be the subject of so much fun. "Young Mr. Gay" was easily explained, because his father before him had been in the bank, and after he had passed away the name of the junior member of the family had been so well established with the "young" prefix that the man himself firmly believed that if he lived to be four score and ten he would still be known as Young Mr. Gay.

At less than half that age, Young Mr. Gay had occasion to take active interest in the village political question, when election day came and he felt his pen appropriate almost sure success he was standing about the polling booths with other villagers and the usual election day crowd.

Young Mr. Gay almost deserved his name today, boys," laughed a fellow bank clerk.

"Does him good to get out and hustle for the good of his village," said another.

A third man stepped into the group and put a hand on Robert Gay's shoulder. With the other hand he pointed across the street to a small group of men who were talking to a man.

"If Young Mr. Gay feels so good, maybe he has the nerve to go across the street, there, and tell those fair ladies that it is unlawful for them to vote here today. They are within 100 feet of the polls."

"What of it?" asked Mr. Gay. "Is it a political organization?"

"Woman Suffrage club—see the banner in the thirteenth assembly district! Read it!"

Mr. Gay did read the words. Himself, he had never been interested in whether or not women had the right to vote, but he had no women folks of his own and the few friends he had were not interested in the question.

"Who wants the club closed?" he asked them about a year ago.

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own tea?" Mr. Gay was astonished to hear himself saying. "Certainly," Mary Tracy replied. "I'll be delighted."

It was dark when they left the room, and it was then only courteous for Robert to walk home with the pretty village with the president of the club. And during that walk he promised to come often to tea and to let her tell him of the work of the woman.

And now, instead of laughing at the checks that pass through the bank in which young Mr. Gay is an officer, he commends the method of impressing the thought on the men folk—and he has the temerity to say so, for his wife stands behind him. (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

On Visiting.
A friend of mine who was utterly tired out, after an unusually strenuous winter work, was invited to spend her vacation with friends in a small boarding-house. Her friends were decidedly opposed to the idea of her visiting in a miserable little room to the big, pleasant, sunny room she would have had at our house. They felt that she would be better off there, but she wouldn't, and she hasn't any money to spare. But apparently she is not a kindess.

Can you understand why this very tired woman chose the "miserable little boarding-house room" in preference to the big, sunny guest room?

I can. It was because in that little hall chamber she could find one thing which she knew would be lacking in the big, beautiful room, and that was freedom. Absolute freedom to do what she wanted